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chart pain:
make a diagram with not one
but several crosses
marking those spots most crucial
in a limitless terrain

become a cartographer:
here is the river of love and there
the delta of desire.
here, the trees grow thickest,
fifty yards straight up
to a blighted sun. and there's
the lookout tree, smooth and round
as a glass eye, to climb before
we see the final mountains.

memorize the mind's topography:
sleep is a shallow valley
where we wait the long ascent;
mark it for future need if the map
is lost, or fail us. unnamed and chartless
rocks appear, known to no geologic
time, precipitous leap from abyss to valley.

and just at the last, all hieroglyphs
will fail: the final act creates
the land where we are each explorers.

—Chart Pain
by Margery Barnett*

In this issue

"Is Neurosis A handicap to Genius?" by Phyllis Bottome. 20
We are honored that Mrs. Bottome and her publishers (Faber and Faber: 24 Russell Square, London) have permitted us to pre-print one of the essays in Adlerian Psychology which are about to appear in book form under the title Not In Our Stars. Mrs. Bottome, as eminent novelist and as biographer and interpreter of the psychological system of the late Alfred Adler, is one of the living examples of the possibilities of the wedding of literature and psychology. Probably best known in the United States for her novels Private Worlds (1934), The Mortal Storm (1937), and Masks and Faces (1940), she is also the author, among many other works, of Alfred Adler: Apostle of Freedom (1939) and a personal memoir, The Challenge (1935).

"The Neurotic Heroine in Tennessee Williams" by Constantine N. Stavrou. . . 26
The present study is a systematic, up-to-date investigation of a character-type which seems to be represented in one form or another in all of Williams' major works, including, if the critics are right, the recently-produced Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. The author is a member of the Department of English and American Studies at the University of Buffalo, New York. He has written on Milton, Byron,

* Reproduced by the kind permission of the author and the editors from the March, 1955, issue of The University of Kansas City Review.

Blake, and Faulkner in articles which have appeared or will appear in 1955. One of the most impressive of these is the study of positive and negative influences of *Paradise Lost* on Byron's *Cain* (in *The University of Kansas City Review*, Vol. XXI, No. 3, pp. 153-159), a paper which is within the framework of traditional scholarship but which makes implicit use of the author's acquaintance with psychodynamics.

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A miscellany of bouquets and brickbats, plus another in our long-neglected series of outlines of courses specifically within our field, this time a course on "Motivation and Conflict in the Life History" by Professor Frederick Wyatt at the University of Michigan.

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A consideration of some recent issues of our "exchanges," some miscellaneous items, and the first installment of a valuable contribution, "Fifty Years of the Psychoanalysis of Literature: 1900-1950", by A. Bronson Feldman, Ph. D., of Philadelphia, Penna.

"IS NEUROSIS A HANDICAP TO GENIUS?"

When we come to deal with a thought, its history becomes as significant as when we come to deal with a person. Even our slow paced Courts of Justice have begun to find that without knowledge of the criminal himself, there is no weighing of his crime; a starving man stealing a loaf of bread has not committed the same crime as a vain girl snatching at silk stockings from a counter, though both are, technically speaking, thieves.

The 'why' at the source of the thought is more vital and often more revealing than the thought itself. Before we try to answer the question of whether neurosis is a handicap to genius or an advantage, we must define what we mean by the word 'neurosis' and by the word 'genius'. The writer accepts the Adlerian definition of neurosis as the alibi chosen by the neurotic to release himself from carrying out one or more of the main obligations of life -- the "If - but" solution. "I should like to do it if -" or "I should have done it but -"; and for a rough definition of genius, the stretching out further of the powers of the mind than the ordinary human being can reach, indicating in the genius a plus quality or quantity along some line of productiveness profitable to humanity. The word itself 'genius,' with its perceptible link with 'goniality,' seems to imply a service valuable to mankind.

Why then should people think that neurosis is akin to genius, and that should the neurosis be cured, the genius might vanish with the disease? As a first step to the discovery of genius, we must ask what kind of people do we find hold this adverse opionion? It must be a convenient and happy thought for 'low-brows' or those who wish to avoid the development of a difficult talent, to realise that this Bird of Paradise, the genius, must pay for the brilliance of his plumage by a fell disease.

"We men of commonsense," the man in the street has rather arrogantly been heard to say, "may not possess genius, but we have something far safer!"

But suppose that the man in the street is wrong in both these assumptions, i.e., that he has commonsense or that there is anything safer than genius?

Suppose instead that it is the genius who has the commonsense -- and far more of it, indeed, than most people; and that where it is conspicuously lacking, the defect lies in the man himself as a human being, and has a most adverse effect upon his talent, first menacing its free development and at last, if the neurosis is persisted in, destroying the genius altogether?

Perhaps some of those geniuses who possess marked talents find it a convenient excuse to believe that their neurosis is necessary to the output of their gift. "I cannot afford to give up drink or drugs or women because my talent would go with it!" such a man says to himself reassuringly; and it is possible that if he could be persuaded to give up the symptom only -- and such habits are but symptoms of a deeper derangement of the human being -- the genius might find himself, without the stimulant of his vice, in a worse position than before and therefore less able to produce his talent, as Swinburne was devitalised by the Nursery Maid activities of his friend, Watts Dunton; but should the neurosis itself be attacked and the genius cured of the discouragement which was leading him to seek his escape in vice, there can be no reasonable doubt that both the man and his gift would profit by his cure.

When people once sang, with deep conviction, that placid hymn beginning:

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate;
God made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate."

not very much could be done about it.

If you were the rich man you had a good conscience and felt that you went as far, or rather further, than you need when you made it worth the poor man's while to be at your gate. If you were the poor man you knew that even God acquiesced in your poverty.

It was not until this idea was tracked to its lair that the moral inflexibility of wealth was shaken.

The low-brow of to-day placed himself enthusiastically in the same position as the rich man -- if he is right and possesses something safer than intelligence, he is also exempt from doing anything further about it, and need not train his wits.

Nor need a genius, suffering from a neurosis which is dear to him, take any steps to recover from it, since he can always say to himself, that were he to make such an effort he might throw the baby out with the bath and lose his genius altogether.

Obvicusly, this is a thesis worth upholding by a good many people. Unfortunately for those who hold it, there is a sharp contradiction in fact.

It has been found that many geniuses, and among them those that mankind account the greatest, have been men of unusual stability and balance who have not needed the assistance of a neurosis. These men lived normally to a good old age, without finding it desirable to adopt either a vice or a disease to stimulate their genius. Their powers developed with apparent ease and went on developing to the end of their lives.

Whereas the neurotic genius -- or, as we may call him, the escape-artist -- swiftly or slowly, according to the power of his neurosis, destroys both his life and his gift.

There is a great danger in the isolation of intelligence; and in the attempt to divorce it from commonsense, so prevalent in the modern world; and it needs to be combated as fiercely as the old selfishness of religious sterility. If people believe that intelligence and its free development are a practical asset they would not be so eager to yield their wits, and the independence out of which intelligence is born, to merely authoritative persons. Men of genius undogged by neurosis have been very efficient at keeping the wolf from the door. We need go very little further than our own times to remember instances of successful men of genius, such as Marconi, Edison, Einstein, Browning, Freud, Adler, Cézanne, Bernard Shaw, Debussy and Rodin -- no mean list, and one that could be lengthened in order to realise that genius is not any disadvantage to its possessor in the material world. It is true that by no means all or even the majority of geniuses succeed in avoiding the pitfalls common to mankind, but there is nothing peculiar to genius in their failures.

The man in the street suffers disaster and inability to acquire a future; he is also, often enough, a victim of neurosis.

It is said that in New York State alone one out of every five persons has been under treatment for some form of mental breakdown; but the percentage of genius among these victims is so small as to be negligible.

If we study the lives of geniuses afflicted by neurosis, we can discover for ourselves the part played by this disease, both in their productiveness and in their development as human beings.

Let us take, for instance, three such well-known types of neurotic genius as Swift, Byron and Nietzsche.

These three men were so far ahead of the circles in which they moved and so violently dynamic that their genius, even in their own lifetime, was hardly in dispute. Compare Swift's razor wits with those of the somnolent lords he served; compare the reach of Byron's iconoclastic intelligence with the society of Aunt Sallys, out of which he reeled; compare Nietzsche's rich, unbalanced, fiery spirit with the complacent twaddle of those forgotten critics, against whom he railed.

We all know the ultimate catastrophes of these three geniuses; Swift and Nietzsche died insane; Byron at the end of a forlorn series of explosive love affairs, and after a social disaster as spectacular as his literary successes, died on the threshold of middle-age in an abortive attempt to turn himself into a military hero.

Swift's clear mind, in spite of its supreme directness; its mastery of style; its inner vision; could not give him the career of his dreams, nor save him from a perpetual landslide of ruined friendships and lost opportunities.

Worst of all, Swift failed to obtain any outward harmony in what was perhaps the most suitable of love relationships. Probably Stella, or Vanessa, would either of them (especially Stella who was rightly the core of Swift's affections) have sufficed to make any normal man contented; but these two women, insufficiently loved and unnaturally evaded, only succeeded in agonozing Swift.

Whether Swift really had an inherited disease that prevented marriage, or merely so great a disinclination to intimacy that in those absurdly unscientific times, he could successfully play with the idea of such a convenient barrier, one can never know. But if he suffered from an organic mental disease, considering the life he led of grinding overwork, incredible hours and ill-cooked meals, it would seem curious that he lived so long and so ably without an earlier breakdown. He was, it is true, supposed to have died of general paralysis of the insane, but that is said by modern psychiatrists to count for very little since G.P.I. was the common diagnosis of an age that had learned little or nothing about the different forms of insanity and their causes.

We have, as documents, Swift's own letters to read, and can watch his violent love of power "o'er leaping itself," until sickened and disheartened by perpetual disappointments, narrowed and darkened by despair, his brilliant gifts sank into decay.

Swift never rose to the heights he was fitted to achieve, either in the world of politics or in the Church of God. He left only two permanent, though not widely read, books, "The Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels." His arrow flights of wit hardly survive the politics they pierced. No one reads Swift's deadly pamphlets now nor can we feel, having studied Swift's mind, that they were so much the honest expression of a whole man as the prostitution of his wits for the sake of gaining power.

Without Swift's ego-centric bitterness, without his hatred and suspicion of mankind, can we doubt that he would have accomplished more and gone further along the road of his fundamental desires?

Swift maimed himself as most people maim themselves, not in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven; but in order to retreat into the hell of his own loneliness.

It is only in his letters to Stella that the real Swift survives his time. This mere foam, as he must have thought it, blown from the great waves of his struggle for power, preserves Swift's genius as nothing else he produced succeeded in doing. The simple yet intelligent love of Stella set Swift free from the shackles of his hatred and scorn of humanity.

With Stella he felt that he could afford tenderness and confidence. She would not betray him; she was, indeed, stronger than his suspicions of mankind.

If Swift had only been sure of his own integrity the falsities and blunders of humanity would still have seemed to him worth while to remove, but they would not have embittered him to the point of madness. The great grim brain of this master of satire, released from its cruel tensions and relieved from the continuous cycle of ego-centricity, might have blossomed into a gigantic humour as good-natured and far reaching as Rabelais.

The pity that might have inspired Swift's masterpiece need never have degenerated into the self-torture that helped to drag his wits into a premature decay.

Byron is an even more spectacular example of the destructive force of neurosis upon genius. All men with club feet need not be mentally warped; and no one can fail to see how little good the indulgence of his nerves did Byron, either as a man or as a poet. A spoilt child, unable to over-drive a violently domineering mother, Byron wasted his mind on how to subdue a series of silly and less violent women. Compare the fine balance and reach of Byron's mind in his letters to men, the virility of his English and the robustness of his thought (letters in which his neurosis played no part) with the windy vacuity of his sex exposures! Did his neurosis inspire his poetry? He wrote "She walks in beauty like the night" before it had developed: many of his earliest poems are his best.

What remains of Byron for posterity and keeps his memory alive upon the Continent even more than it is kept alive in his own country is that, hounded out of English society, Byron used his wits to show up the hitherto unexposed weaknesses both of his country and its chief occupants.

His contribution, like Swift's, was used to express his enmity to mankind. His greatest poem, "Don Juan," serves to show up Byron's chief enemy -- woman. In this poem he makes himself an eternal victor over (or perhaps more truly an eternal victim, to) the sex that held him so fast.

In unforgettable words he points out that love is not man's whole existence, although he took no steps to disprove this fallacy in his own life -- while characteristically adding that love <u>is</u> all that women can expect from theirs! Had Byron not been so chafed by his rages, so worn out with his perpetual rounds against fresh female antagonists, so determined to be still admired by the England he flouted, and still accepted by the society he scorned, what real poetry with the stuff of life in it, we might have had from him, instead of the yards and yards of impatient and windy rhetoric that rocked the romantic realm of his day! Byron tore away the veil that covered certain hypocrisies of

his time; but only from those hypocrisies that penalised his blunders.

He told mankind in a language so pungent that it is still worth reading, that the woman you despise cannot satisfy you; but this is an insufficient message to mankind from a mind strong enough to have shaken Europe out of a long period of unilluminated selfishness.

Leaving his great task undone Byron petered out, untrained and disconsolate, before an adventure for which he was wholly unprepared.

Perhaps posterity will acclaim Nietzsche the greatest genius of these three; and he is certainly the one who, from the welter of our present times, stands out most plainly, the one who has given us thoughts still far beyond our scope.

Was Nietzsche then perhaps a proof that genius, or at least a certain type of genius, gains by neurosis? There is no great mystery about Nietzsche's life, so that we have only to read it to answer our own question. Nietzsche's existence, nearer in point of time to our own, is better authenticated than either of the other two; it contains no great disastrous secret such as Swift's, nor any explosive scandal such as Byron's.

We can watch Nietzsche from his earliest years in a quiet comfortable middle-class home, dominating a tenderly spoiling feminine entourage. We can observe the mixture of intense daring and pitiful helplessness such spoiling can produce in genius; and the terrible sensitiveness which adhesive love stimulates in its victim. Nietzsche was protected from the healthy rebuffs of the outside world, while irritated through and through by watchful tenderness -- the price paid by men for their mastery over devoted women. Out of this mixture of daring and sensitiveness, fiery irritability and rickety idealism Nietzsche's genius had to struggle as best it could.

The force of possessive love with its cruel train of self-deluding jealousy ate through Nietzsche's ardent and helpless spirit like a corrosive acid. No wife could replace his devoted, completely self-sacrificing mother; nor could his brother man be expected to accept the arrogance inspired in Nietzsche by the complete submissiveness of his intelligent sister.

Nietzsche, after the heart-breaking disillusion of his intimacy with Wagner and the cruel torments of his abortive love interests, was driven back into a self-made family isolation.

Such an isolation, though it gave him the time and solitude for creative work, did nothing to tranquilise or sustain his sensitive soul. Outer rebuffs and disenchantments constantly hindered the balance of his uneasy mind, and goaded it into perpetual self-contradiction and an agonizing restlessness.

These were but the forerunners of the megalomania that destroyed him.

Without the constant restrictions and breakdowns caused by his neurosis, the world might have learned far sooner what Nietzsche had to teach, and Nietzsche himself might have been freed from that deeply-rooted pessimism which broke his heart and vitiated the full value of his genius.

Even the modern reader of Nietzsche, aware of the extent of his powers and content to overlook his limitations, must choke down a certain amount of arrogance before he can swallow the perpetual hostility of Nietzsche's thoughts and forms of expression; and how much more must his contemporaries, unaware of

this genius, have been repulsed by Nietzsche's malevolence of expression?

The perpetual challenge of Nietzsche's hostility, his desire to wound and lacerate as he himself had been wounded and lacerated, demands of his readers a complete absence of prejudice and an adult tolerance of mind, neither of which Nietzsche had ever trained himself to display.

The dynamic force of Nietzsche is not yet spent, and much of it has passed and may still pass on to the minds of other creative spirits, stimulating them to take directions far other than his own.

He was a fiery portent, difficult for lesser minds to judge or even to follow, and made far more difficult by the constant fret and friction of his tortured self-contradictions.

What Nietzsche gave to the world was priceless, but what his neurosis restricted him from giving must have been still more priceless, for the last word of life cannot be hatred. Nietzsche's neurosis of perpetual suspicion developed into active paranoia and ultimately destroyed him; and no man can be destroyed by an inner force, without the same disturbing quality vitiating the quality of his work.

Adler described genius as the release of a greater activity than normal, and neurosis as a progressive restriction of normal activity. He used to draw a circle to represent the capacities of a normal man and a line through both extremities of the circle's circumference to show the reach of genius. To define neurosis he would draw a line retreating from the circumference into a knot in the centre of the circle, unable either to follow out in the round the circle filled by a normal mind's capacity, or to transcend the circle as the mind of a genius transcends it.

If we take the names of some of the geniuses acclaimed by mankind as its greatest, such names as Socrates, Jesus, Confucius, Plato, Buddha, Giotto, Bach, Spinoza, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Racine, Rabelais, Voltaire and Goethe, to take but a few of them by hazard, and compare their normal lives and the extent to which their powers were carried, with those of the escape-artists, we can but come to the conclusion that neurosis must be the worst handicap genius has ever had to face. Think, for instance, of the startling "wholeness" of Shakespeare. We have only to remember the lines written after his death by his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell, "Hand and mind met together, and what he thought he uttered, with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his paper."

The house divided against itself must fall; the mind that is healty produces that which is healthy, -- and has no need of a disease to reveal its beauties to mankind.

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THE NEUROTIC HEROINE IN TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

"I applied to my face, made vague by the dim light, the mask of my most passionate dream, but read in the look which she turned upon me the horror of my nothingness."

Marcel Proust

In all of Mr. Williams' plays before CAMINO REAL: -- BATTLE OF ANGELS, YOU TOUCHED ME! (in collaboration with Donald Windham), THE GLASS MENAGERIE, SUMMER AND SMOKE, A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, and THE ROSE TATTOO -- as well as in his only novel, THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE, the principal character is a woman. What is more, all seven of his heroines are, to a greater or lesser extent, neurotic; and, in each case, the disorder to the nervous system results from some maladjustment of the superego-id balance. Repression, either explicitly sexual or as enforced respectability, characterizes all of them. Laura, Alma, and Blanche, the protagonists of his three most successful plays, are obviously portraits of the same woman observed at different stages of her regressive neurosis. Williams makes the same use of mental illness and sexual aberration that Mann, Proust, and Faulkner do: his plays and his one novel are the aesthetic and symbolical portrayal of an ailing world, and his neurotic heroines are to be understood as forming a part and at the same time being emblematic of that ailing world. Both Faulkner and Williams begin with the dilemma of the South (SANCTUARY and A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE) but soon demonstrate that the South's dilemma is the world's dilemma (REQUIEM FOR A NUN and CAMINO REAL).

The question why Williams has chosen the heroines he has can, in fact, best be approached by noting his close affinities to Faulkner. In Faulkner's "A Rose For Emily" and SANCTUARY, and in Williams' A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, the desecration motif predominates, and the principal metaphor pictures the wanton disintegration of the Ariel-like ideality of the Plantation South by the Caliban-like materiality of the Industrial North. In all three works, the symbol for the gracious and genteel world of the Past, for the South that 'went with the wind,' is a woman; while the symbol for the clamorous and aggressively-competitive world of the Present, for the Modern Era in which gallantry and human compassion are all but otiose, is a man. Significantly enough, Williams' heroines arouse our sympathy and pity more than do those of Faulkner because the functional role of Williams' heroines is the dual one of protesting against the cruelty of man's inhumanity to man and of pleading their creator's case for the need of love and understanding between man and his fellow men. Williams is not a facile or sanguine optimist, but, like Faulkner, he does not hesitate to affirm the dignity that inheres in the mutual compassion of individuals trapped by circumstance:

> Men pity and love each other more deeply than they permit themselves to know . . . . So successfully have we disguised from ourselves the intensity of our own feelings, the sensibility of our own hearts, that plays in the tragic tradition have begun to seem untrue.
>
> (Preface to THE ROSE TATTOO)

Williams would no doubt subscribe to the sentiments in Faulkner's Nobel Prize Speech. "The one dominant theme in most of my writings, the most magnificent thing in all human nature," Williams has said, "is valor -- and endurance." [1]

1. Anna Roth, CURRENT BIOGRAPHY (New York, 1946), pp. 644-46.

Williams' principal criticism of American society is directed against the benighted morality of crass utility and money grubbing, and his criticism is implicit in the pathetic plights of his heroines whose personalities have been warped by that same society.

Like the great majority of literary artists, moreover, Williams finds the absence of the imaginative element in our stolid, mechanical era a cause for regret. That is why his dramas generally represent an amalgamation of lurid sensationalism with ineffable beauty, and why even his most sordid scenes are informed with a certain wistful poetry. Williams is both a realist and a romanticist and the romanticist in him is forever seeking to vindicate imaginative thought in a world grown abstract and material. Tom's initial speech in THE GLASS MENAGERIE presents Williams the purveyor of sugar-coated realism:

> Yes, I have tricks in my pocket, I have things up my sleeve. But I am the opposite of a stage magician. He gives you illusion that has the appearance of truth. I give you truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion.

Blanche's exclamation in A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE presents Williams the romanticist:

> I don't want realism. I want magic! Yes, yes, magic! I try to give that to people. I misrepresent things to them. I don't tell the truth, I tell what <u>ought</u> to be the truth. And if that is sinful, then let me be damned for it.

The 'truth' of Mr. Williams, in other words, embraces not only the 'slice of life' of the naturalists but also the aspiration and idealism of the romanticists. Laura, Alma, and Blanche are not far removed from the romantic tradition which gave us Emma Bovary. And Myra Torrance, the heroine of his first major play, BATTLE OF ANGELS, is a Byronic-like recollection of a childhood passion:

> I remember a lady named Laura Young . . . She had a high, clear voice: a cataract of water. Something about her made me think of cherries and she was very beautiful. She was something cool and green in a sulphurous landscape. But there was a shadow upon her. There was something the matter with her . . . She loved me. I adored her. She lived in a white house near an orchard and in an arch between two rooms were hung some pendants of glass that were a thousand colors. 'That is a prism,' she said. She lifted me and told me to shake them. When I did they made a delicate music.
> This prism became a play.
> When we stopped going there, I learned that the lady was dead. It was the death of a lady and the beginning of a personal myth. For this bright, misty lady was the beginning of Myra Torrance -- even that long ago.
>
> (Preface to BATTLE OF ANGELS)

The dramatist would have been equally justified in adding that "this bright, misty lady" was the beginning of Laura (the name is identical, and the prism is probably the original 'glass menagerie'), Alma who also was "cool and green," and Blanche who assuredly had "something the matter with her." Laura Young is

the prototype for all three.

Myra herself is a comparatively simple portrait of a sexually thwarted woman. She is the only one of Williams' heroines who dies in the course of her stage life; yet her death fails to move us. As Williams learned to his credit, the death of the heroine is not in itself enough to impart a tragic feeling to a play. Myra lacks the poignant helplessness which constitutes the principal appeal of Laura, Alma, and Blanche. In one important respect, however, she anticipates this trio: like them, Myra is an escapist who finds a temporary respite from her unhappy and unfulfilled life in a doll-like confectionery shop which she calls her Dream House. It serves her in the same manner that the glass menagerie serves Laura and is decorated with Japanese lanterns (compare with Blanche's colored paper lanterns). But it does not suffice her, and, when her impotent and invalided husband discovers her affair with Val, a clerk in her dry-goods store, she courts death as a welcome release. In a moment of rashly-triumphant feminine pride, she flaunts her pregnancy before the insanely-jealous eyes of her husband, Jabe, who, with sadistic vindictiveness pumps a bullet into her abdomen. Thus, the play ends on a melodramatic note as Myra drags herself to her confectionery shop and there, with apt dramatic irony, dies -- alone, her dreams of happiness cruelly shattered.

Matilda, heroine of the adaptation by Williams and Windham of the D. H. Lawrence story, "You Touched Me," is a study in sexual repression as enforced respectability. The story is Lawrence's but the characterization is Williams'. The ending, however, is a happy one, and Matilda is one of the two heroines -- the other, of course, being Serafina -- who is not denied the felicity of love. Like Laura, she is domineered over by an over-solicitous guardian -- in this instance an aunt. But, unlike Laura's mother, Matilda's aunt is determined to keep her a semi-recluse and to shelter her from life by keeping her unmarried. Matilda is abnormally shy, and she greets the announcement of the arrival of an officer in the R.C.A.F. with a hysterical fright and panic similar to Laura's when Jim, the Gentleman Caller, is introduced to her. Eventually, however, Matilda is won over from negative chastity to the bliss of wedded love. The play is by no means a pretentious one and scarcely hints at the dramatic excellence demonstrated by Williams in his next three plays.

The Williams who has received enthusiastic critical approval cannot be said to have 'arrived' until he rehearsed the tragedy of Emily Grierson (of "A Rose For Emily" by William Faulkner) in his three prize-winning productions, THE GLASS MENAGERIE, SUMMER AND SMOKE, and A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. The heroines of these three works are alike in many respects. All are frail, forlorn creatures whose natural habitat is the shadow of the magnolia and whose natural endowments are unsuited to coping with the tragic disparity between inner dream and external reality. They are anachronisms from another world -- an idyllic world which derives in part from the ante-bellum South, but which is evoked in the main by their imaginations seeking an ounce of civet to sweeten the putrid framework of their tenement lives. And Williams' sympathies are wholly on their side; he condemns the sin and not the sinner.

* * * * * *

Of all Williams' creations, Laura Wingfield remains the most tenuous. She has the evanescent loveliness often apostrophized by Shelley. She tugs at our heart-strings as compellingly as she did at those of her brother, Tom, who, try as he might, could not forget her. Like Shakespeare's Ophelia, she is a pathetic rather than a tragic figure. She lacks the Lady of Shalott's courage to abandon her glass universe of shadows and dare to live. Rendered morbidly self-conscious by her lameness, she has become a virtual Proustian hypochondriac, introverted to the point of losing contact with her environment (schizoid anergy).

With her glass collection and her victrola (substitute gratifications), she has retired into a realm of her own making, where the deceiving fancy shuts out the banality and cacophony of her surroundings. Through her glass animals and phonograph music, she derives the momentary escape from reality which her brother obtains through the movies and the writing of poetry, and which her mother enjoys in her paranoiac memories of her gay youth in Blue Mountain when (according to her stories) she was a pretty belle much sought after by wealthy, refined, handsome suitors.

Amanda's memories, which resemble the affluent fantasies of Blanche, are almost an obsession with her; and the besetting grief of her life is that her daughter has never had a single Gentleman Caller. But Amanda's solicitude, amusing and pitiful by turns, merely intensifies Laura's sense of inferiority. Amanda's misguided zeal makes doubly cruel the irony implicit in the coming and going of her daughter's first and last (?) Gentleman Caller. For Laura's brief emergence from her defensive cocoon is all the more painful because we can foresee the disappointment that awaits her. Jim O'Connor was, we are made to feel, Laura's last and only means of coming to terms with reality. Laura's loss of Jim is analogous to Emily's loss of Homer Barron, Alma's loss of John, and Blanche's loss of Mitch. During Jim's visit, she sheds much of her embarrassing shyness, and we glimpse the normal and cheerful Laura that might have been. But, when Jim departs, the futility and heartache of her existence are brought home to us with depressing finality. Laura's will-to-life appears broken and we are made to feel that only the ending of the play and Laura's retiring nature prevent her from pursuing a course similar to that of Alma or Blanche.

The ending, however, cannot truly be said to be tragic. It is even possible to maintain that, in presenting the broken horn of her glass unicorn (an obvious phallic symbol) to Jim as a souvenir, Laura has, in one sense, renounced one of the surrogate objects of her erotic fancies and may now be able to face life more realistically. The Laura seen in the last scene smiling mutely at Amanda may, for all we know, have more success with another Gentleman Caller. The woman who is disappointed in her first affaire de coeur is never, to be sure, the same afterwards. Yet, by the same token, there are few women for whom such an experience does not prove a blessing in disguise.

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Alma Winemiller, the heroine of SUMMER AND SMOKE, is a cross between Laura and Blanche. She is neither as awkwardly shy as Laura nor as emotionally overwrought as Blanche. Like Laura, she is inclined to be diffident, and, like Blanche, she has an innate delicacy of manner, feeling, and expression -- even when, soul-divested, she proffers herself to the salesman of Red Goose shoes. Not handicapped by a physical deformity nor a checkered past, Alma is the only one of the three who is not, from the very beginning, a defeated character. She displays an admirable fortitude in bearing the cross of her demented mother, and she faces life much more courageously than either Laura or Blanche although she, too, has recourse to a 'glass menagerie' -- her sleeping tablets.

Alma's predicament is similar to Laura's in that she sees the only man she has ever truly loved plight his troth to another. But her reaction to her disappointment is much more drastic than Laura's. For, at the end of the play, she is about to embark on the career of a 'sportive lady' (to borrow Browning's mot juste). Being a woman, she refuses to recognize like Faust that life is a perpetual renunciation of fruitless desire. Although fortuitous confluences are partly responsible for her plight, she, no more than Carrie Meeber, can be exonerated as the pawn of fate. Whereas Laura and Blanche seemed foredoomed,

Alma's tragedy was not quite so inevitable; it was, and should have been, possible for her to forget, and rise above, her rebuff at the hands of John Buchanan Jr. That she did not, is, to be sure, part of her character, but, at the same time, it exhibits a weakness in Williams' conception of his heroine.

The complete juxtaposition of Alma's and John's initial attitude toward the body and soul is effectual dramaturgy, but Alma's statement of it sounds very like a T. S. Eliot chorus. The irony is too contrived to be aesthetically satisfying. Alma is a credible character all in all, but John's reformation is as contrived as Prince Hal's. John becomes self-righteous for the same reason Kowalski exhumes the past of Blanche and blurts out the details to his former comrade-in-arms, Mitch; in both men it is a panic impulse motivated by self-interest. Kowalski fears that he might lose Stella and lashes out against his enemy like a wild animal; John realizes that he must conform to the parable of the Prodigal Son or perish. Dr. Buchanan Jr. suddenly stops trying to be a Hemingway hero and converts himself into a Martin Arrowsmith. His resolution, we have to admit, is a commendable one, and we have to pause and think before we can understand why we contemn him almost as much as we do Kowalski. Yet the answer is obvious: like Kowalski, all that there is of him can be seen on the anatomical chart. Alma tells him as much:

> There are some women who turn a possibly beautiful thing into something no better than the coupling of beasts! - but love is what you make it . . . Some people bring just their bodies. But there are some people, there are some women, John - who can bring their hearts to it, also - who can bring their souls to it!

And he himself recognizes this when he admits to her that she has a certain, elusive quality which defies precise formulation and which he lacks:

> I thought it was just a Puritanical ice that glittered like flame. But now I believe it <u>was</u> flame, mistaken for ice. I still don't understand it, but I know that it was there . . .

John and Stanley resemble Charles Bovary in that they lack the imaginative romanticism so conspicuous in Alma and Blanche. John's rejection of Alma is an admission of his own inadequacy, just as Kowalski's rape of his wife's sister is an explosive indication of punctured pride -- the arrogant pride of the male animal which Blanche, unlike Stella, had derided and, to a degree, undermined by comparing him to an ape. Both John and Stanley are resentful of women whom they cannot subdue or comprehend through physical possession; they prefer pliant creatures like Nellie and Stella, like Hemingway's Katherine and Maria.

The last scene of SUMMER AND SMOKE, although not as distressing as that of STREETCAR, is, nevertheless, a powerful and moving one. Alma is left on the brink of a precipice; she is in a recklessly self-indulgent frame of mind intent on entering Acrasia's Bower regardless of consequences. And, what is even more disturbing, we detect a sense of cruelty in her, for, if the play itself does not make it clear, surely the stage-production, which Williams himself directed, indicates that Alma is the seducer in the episode with the salesman. Her gesture of finality, as the curtain falls, is more than the capitulation of the super-ego to the id, of the soul to the anatomical chart. Alma toys with the salesman as Blanche does with the 'Young Man' and Mitch. Our sympathies are not seriously alienated, but, at the same time, they are not as actively engaged as they are in the cases of Laura and Blanche.

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The heroine of Williams' greatest popular and critical success, A STREET-CAR NAMED DESIRE, is the most ambitious and most complex characterization he has attempted thus far. In the tragedy of Blanche DuBois, moreover, we have not only the documentation of a woman's defection but also the parable of an exploited humanity sacrificed on the altar of godless materialism and brute instinct. Implicit in Blanche's pathological withdrawal into an inner world of mist and twilight, is the by-no-means inconceivable annihilation of the ideological and aesthetic heritage of our civilization without which the scientific advances of the last decade cannot be viewed as other than retrogressive. In another sense, Blanche is a symbol of the lonely, perplexed, unhappy persons of today who have lost their sense of belonging: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm going." Like Karl Rossman (of Kafka's AMERICA) she is a homeless wanderer in a phantasmagorial world of ramshackle dwellings, dark corridors, and blind alleys where her longing for love and compassion meets with unashamed animalism and malicious persecution.

Blanche is the victim of an unfortunate marriage; her husband was an invert. After his suicide, for which she felt partly responsible, she frenziedly sought for an anodyne to assuage her pain and her grief. But alcohol and loveless promiscuity could not banish the nightmarish past. In the denial of reality, in the retreat to her carefree childhood, in her grandiose daydreams, she searches for Faulkner's and Williams' ideal South of gentility and gallantry. Her affectations of refinement, her prinking, her mania for bathing herself, are to Blanche what the glass menagerie and the victrola are to Laura; together with her cheap perfumes and bath salts, they are a means of escape from her feelings of guilt and the haunting specter of death. But on every hand she is betrayed by that real (but seemingly unreal) world from which she flees, and her dreams of bliss are succeeded by fits of despondency. Like Emma Bovary, she turns to Eros because it is the exact opposite of Death which, as the ultimate reality, she recoils from with abhorrence.

In the defeat of Blanche, Williams intends us to see the defeat of humanism and idealism by amoral commercialism. Blanche, like Emily Grierson and Temple Drake, is violated by a character who personifies mechanical industrialism. In Stanley Kowalski, Williams has incorporated all that he finds most reprehensible in our society: its insensitivity to aesthetic values, its unthinking cruelty, its brazen drive for self-aggrandizement, its hypocritical sense of propriety, its vicious stupidity born of ignorance, its smug complacency in its own worth, and its perversion of love into the perfunctory extirpation of desire. Kowalski, like Homer Barron and Popeye is the unscrupulous marauder who takes by force what he wants and then disavows any responsibility for his depredation.

Blanche is a truly tragic figure whose stature increases by her very defeat. It is self-knowledge -- the highest wisdom vouchsafed mortals according to Socrates -- that unhinges her mind. The truth -- that the trolley, Desire, does not lead to the traditional Southern Mansion where the traditional Southern Gentleman awaits her, but debouches, rather, upon slums where the slow and implacable fires of human desperation are always burning -- proves too excruciating and precipitates her insanity. Those who believe that, by coming to terms with reality even though reality in this instance was the squalor of 'Elysian Fields,' Stella made a satisfactory adjustment, whereas, by rebelling against her sister's way of life, Blanche revealed her inadequacy, misconstrue the dramatist's intent. Blanche is maladjusted only in that she can no more accept and submit to grossly sensual, unimaginative worldlings like Stanley and Stella than Hamlet can tolerate Claudius and Gertrude. Blanche's indictment of Stella's animal

lust for Stanley is very similar to Hamlet's indictment of his mother's carnal passion for his uncle. It is as impossible for the sensitive reader as it is for Blanche to reconcile Stella's upbringing with her masochistic subjection to the aboriginal sensuality of her husband. It must be remembered that in both Faulkner and Williams the sympathetic characters are those who endure, those who refuse to capitulate or compromise. By this criterion, Stella is neither heroic nor admirable. As a matter of fact, she is as deluded as her sister, and, in betraying her, she shows herself no better than the corrupted Temple Drake who perversely testified against her innocent defender, Godwin. Stella does not dare believe that Blanche is telling the truth: "I couldn't believe her story and go on living with Stanley." For Stella to see her life for what it really is would be to plunge into the madness of her sister.

The last scene of A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE is one of the most harrowing in all modern drama. Blanche's final faltering words, in which there is still a trace of coquettishness, border on the grim terror and ironic pity of great tragedy. They are directed to The Doctor as he gently, in a gesture of mock gallantry, offers her his arm and escorts her to the door: "Whoever you are — I have always depended on the kindness of strangers." They are a reproach against her sister and also a rebuke to a society which deems itself civilized and yet forgets that the deliberate infliction of pain is tantamount to the most hateful form of barbarism. They imply not a lessened but a vindicated personality — a personality once possessed of great potentialities and one who, even as she is led away by the asylum matron and doctor, has an intrinsic worth far exceeding that of the normal and adjusted creatures who presumed to judge her.

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A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE marks the apex of Williams' dramatic achievement to date, for in his next two major efforts, THE ROSE TATTOO and CAMINO REAL, there is a perceptible falling off. THE ROSE TATTOO is a lusty, uninhibited comedy about a remarkably 'unfrustrated' woman. In CAMINO REAL, all the principal characters are men, and the 'neurotic heroine,' although present in the character of Prudence Duvernoy, occupies a background role. Prudence resembles the pathetic protagonist of Inge's COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA more than she does any of Williams' former heroines although, like Blanche and, to a lesser extent, Amanda Wingfield, she lives in the world of Camille (romantic fancy) and is derided and scorned by Gutman (reality and materialism symbolized in the hotel manager). Rosita, a prostitute, and Esmeralda, the gypsy's daughter, represent the sensuality of Miss Gonzales (of SUMMER AND SMOKE). And Marguerite Gautier, of course, is the Eternal Feminine, humbled and dissipated and haunted like Mrs. Stone by the thought of decay and old age yet still capable of a touching acceptance of the quixotic devoir of her battered and impoverished knight, Casanova.

Both plays exhibit a mellower view of life and a kind of sentimental pessimism frequently found in Faulkner. In them Williams turns, in the manner of Cervantes, to grotesque or fanciful caricatures against a background of romantic ideals and offers us the purifying laughter of comedy. Williams still sees contemporary society as dehumanized; he still dwells on the daily disillusionment of men and women shorn of their fancied riches and powers, and bereft of their fondly-cherished ideals and aspirations. But it is pertinent to note that neither of the plays ends unhappily. At the end of THE ROSE TATTOO, Serafina is seen running to join her ludicrous but sincere inamorato, Alvaro. At the end of CAMINO REAL, Casanova, sadder and wiser than in his 'salad days,' is rejoined by Marguerite-Camille who, when his remittance was cut off, had left him for a younger Lothario. Williams' Kilroy, like Peter Viereck's a composite portrait of Ulysses, G. I. Joe, Hamlet, Oedipus, Prometheus, and

— at times — Faulkner's The Corporal, after several bizarre adventures in which he is shamefully exploited, is taken under the protection of a sane and paternal Don Quixote.

Serafina is essentially a humorous character; yet her steadfast, albeit naive and morbid, worship of the memory of her husband leaves room for tears as well as laughter. Her insane grief at the discovery that Rosario had been unfaithful is counterpoised by her ribald affair with Alvaro; nevertheless, the tragic potential is there, and her hysterical refusal to accept the obdurate fact is masterfully dramatized by Williams. The guffaws elicited by her situation proceed from the audience's cynicism and not necessarily from the dramatist's.

Serafina's romantic idealism merits comparison with that of the self-deluded knight who fatuously tilted against windmills. There is a point in Cervantes' classic when the mishaps of the knight cease to be mirth-provoking and the gradual disenchantment of the Don becomes painful to contemplate. The same is true of the grief-maddened Serafina who tried so valiantly to sustain herself through the fanatical love of an urn of ashes. To her disordered mind, the urn was what the cadaver of Homer Barron was to Emily Grierson — a means to deny the distressing actuality, a means to find in time present time past, a means to cherish the dream of her life. Leave out Alvaro and Serafina's state after the seed of suspicion has been sown in her mind is the depraved irrationality of Shakespeare's tormented Moor.

Those who were encouraged by THE ROSE TATTOO to think that Williams had done with the frustrated women were proven wrong when his novel, THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE, appeared. Here once again Williams traces the deterioration of an American woman. Karen Stone is a retired actress of the Broadway stage who upon her husband's death turns to travel to banish the emptiness of her life. She goes to Rome where she becomes the prey of an opprobrious Contessa who introduces her to Paolo in unambiguous terms. Paolo is a fancy man who is indiscriminate in selling his body to bedizened matrons or to gentlemen with proclivities for fair youths. Karen knows full well what a liaison with Paolo will entail, but her incontinent Longing cannot be denied. Sexually unfulfilled during her marriage to an almost completely unresponsive husband, Karen's bout with reason and morality is perfunctory and she surrenders herself to Paolo unreservedly. Paolo, however, soons wearies of her and finds a new patroness. At the end of the novel, Karen, mortified and desperate, is seen casting her hotel key from the balcony to a bedraggled, curb-stone gigolo. It is possible that Williams intended Karen to be the female counterpart to Thomas Mann's Aschenbach (of "Death In Venice").

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Having established the fact of the neurotic heroine in Tennessee Williams by the above cursory examination of his major works, I should like to submit further that Williams' persistent use of neurotic women in his fiction is deliberate; that he intends a universal application to be superimposed on, and attributed to, their plight. Their disordered personalities are a reflection of our disordered society and cosmos. To project the moral confusion and social decay of the past three decades, Williams often uses a Kafka-like shift from a realistic or naturalistic level to a level of fantasy. Only thus can he express his conception of the turmoil of the world. His heroines are unhappy, desperate, frustrated, fearful, lonely, and insecure because this is the condition of humanity as Williams sees it. His heroines find illusory solace for their wounded sensibilities in their dreams because dreams are necessary, Williams seems to say, in a world that drives the sensitive, the humane, the refined, and the noble to introspective despair. Insofar as his plays are a

a representation of the artistic imagination in conflict with reality, they illustrate the author's double perspective and the tensions resulting from it. To produce with as great fidelity as possible the Prufrockian emptiness of twentieth-century life, whose pleasures are to an alarming degree vicarious, is not to be a prophet of doom. Williams' central message is one of affirmation, not of negation:

> Every artist has a basic premise pervading his whole life, and that premise can provide the impulse to everything he creates. For me the dominating premise has been the need for understanding and tenderness and fortitude among individuals trapped by circumstance.[2]

All of his work conveys this 'premise' in one form or another. CAMINO REAL, for example, is a moving demonstration that the self-same utter emptiness that comes often, late in life, to a man who has sacrificed all to a cause or a Dulcinea or an idea, can, at the same time, serve as an agent of revival and make life for him once again a thing of infinite value. The human misery depicted in his works testifies to Williams' awareness of the incommensurable elements in human nature and human society in addition to being a vehement protest against a society besotted with its pursuit and worship of Mammon, Belial, and Moloch.

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2. Lincoln Barnett, "Tennessee Williams," LIFE, February 16, 1948, pp. 113 ff.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Mrs. Leonie F. Sachs, giving her reasons for discontinuing her subscription to LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY:

In the course of the last year, and even more so during the discussion at our last Conference, I have re-affirmed my original idea that any creative work is an entity in itself to be understood and judged on its own character. Knowledge of the author's life and psychology, as well as the comparison with his other works, may throw additional light on this particular opus, without, however, modifying the essential insight gained by a perspicacious explication de texte. An author's diary or his correspondence may be suitable material for depth analysis, but once he has expressed himself in an objective creation, his work stands and falls within its own reality. This is why I consider the first critic's approach to "The Professor's House" the most penetrating and useful one.

I have enjoyed being a member of your group because of your splendidly edited News Letter and the annual conferences have been both informative and stimulating.

From Mr. Malcolm Cowley, replying to the letter commenting on his article in Harper's, the text of which was published in the last issue (Vol. V, No. 1, p. 15). Mr. Cowley has made it clear that his original denunciation of psychoanalysis in literary criticism applied to "some" and not "all." We greatly regret that the "all" appeared in a periodical with the circulation of Harper's, the "some" in our very much more limited journal. In any event, we are pleased that the letter can be published here:

The article in Harper's which you discuss in your letter was a condensed and rewritten version of a chapter in my book, "The Literary Situation." I wish you had read the chapter instead of the article, for the chapter made my position clearer. The position is by no means one of hostility to psychological interpretations of literature. I've done a good deal of psychological criticism, first and last, as note my introduction to "The Complete Walt Whitman" and my article in a 1948 issue of Sewanee Review, "Hawthorne in the Mirror." But I was angry — one always says justifiably angered — by the idiocies of Dr. Bergler and other more or less orthodox Freudians.

My thesis would run something like this: Literature is an art based on language. Language is a social product; in fact it is the basis or at least the distinguishing feature of human society. It is impossible to explain a work of literature, written in words, by the behavior of infants at a pre-verbal stage of development (that's exactly what Bergler tries to do). A psychologist who has no feeling for words (Bergler has none whatever) is disqualified from discussions of verbal competence. Words being a social product, they have to be socially accepted — or the writer has to have the conviction that they will be accepted — before he becomes a functioning man of letters. The unaccepted writer is likely to be a blocked writer (although there are other causes of writer's block, the disease that Bergler claims to cure).

Beyond this thesis, or collection of judgments, about literature and language, I also have the feeling that the Freudians are wrong in believing that maladjustments due to the birth trauma or feeding difficulties or weaning difficulties are the sole explanation of neuroses. "The Freudians," here, is a loose term applying to the orthodox school of analysts, and not to Freud himself, who kept escaping from the rigidities of his own system. And I think the Freudians have done a bad job in their treatment of writers — in my own pretty wide circle of acquaintances I have never met what I would call a good writer who was measurably helped by analysis (some Broadway and slick-paper writers

have been helped), and I run into many writers who are definitely harmed.

I liked Leon Edel's paper on "The Professor's House." Let me point out that Edel's interpretation, in the second and third parts of the paper, is not "orthodox Freudian" in the sense I was attacking — he explains Miss Cather's need of a room of her own on the basis of experiences she had between the ages of eight and forty, not on the basis of the birth trauma, feeding difficulties in early infancy, or anger at being weaned. He seems to put more reliance on Harry Stack Sullivan, and so would I.

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From Professor Frederick Wyatt:

Enclosed. . .is the prospectus of a course which I shall give in the term about to begin [February, 1955]. The aim of the course is to present psychological principles and methods which might be of use to students in the Humanities, especially literature, philosophy and history. I also hope that thus an opportunity will be created for cooperative approaches to problems in these fields in which the viewpoint of the Social Sciences might be of help.

. . .I am involved in several new studies delaing with the application of psychology to literature.

MOTIVATION AND CONFLICT IN THE LIFE HISTORY
Instructor: F. Wyatt; Psych. 191 [University of Michigan]

The aims of this course are to provide those approaches and viewpoints from psychology and psychoanalysis which may be of use in the study of literature, philosophy and history. Questions occur very commonly in these fields which relate to the psychology of personality and character. Hence the attempt will be to examine in an interdisciplinary manner problem areas which psychology has in common with these three subjects. The material of the course will be set up so that it will be relevant for the students of all these fields. I hope that it will be possible at the same time to make maximal use of the specific resources of the several subjects involved. The scope of this course, in other words, is to be interdisciplinary.

There are several aspects to this aim. One is to provide the outline of a psychoanalytic psychology of personality, extending it to include cultural and social factors which affect the development of personality character. Approximately six sessions will therefore be devoted to the presentation and discussion of such an outline. This will be done in order to create a common background among those participating in the course, with a view to the subsequent discussion of examples, and demonstrations of how psychology might be used in the humanistic and ideographic sciences. <u>There also seems to be a need for a certain amount of critical clarification regarding a multitude of popularized notions of psychological and psychoanalytic tenets.</u>

In the remainder of the course a number of individual studies will be taken up in order to exemplify the possibilities as well as the necessary limitations of psychological concepts. These examples will give opportunity for collateral reading assignments distributed among the students. I plan to make the program of examples not completely definite as I would like some flexibility left for the adaptation of specific interests and for individual initiative. The majority of instances, however, will be from the field of literature. Through them I hope to demonstrate (1) the use of psychology in the examination ofenduring themes of motivation and conflict in literature. They should, furthermore, deal with (2) the relationship of fantasy as a universal psychological experience (or "faculty") relating to popular and to classical writing; and (3) with the use of biographical data for the understanding, and the possible biographical significance of works of art. We may also deal with an example

demonstrating the application of psychology to historical research. There will be instances throughout in which motivation and conflict will be treated in relationship to the problem of value in philosophy.

The course is open to seniors in the field of literature, philosophy, history and psychology, but should by its nature be oriented to the scope of an advanced or graduate course.

BIBLIOGRAPHY (XVIII)

Recently founded, with its first issue dated March, 1955, is

The Guide to Psychiatric and Psychological Literature

under the editorship of Dr. Harry Slochower. It will be issued monthly, except June, July and August. It will review works in its field soon after publication; reviews will give an account of the content, argument, method and value of the work reviewed, including books in criticism, literature which is of particular psychological interest, among others. Each review will be followed by bibliography of other studies which are related to the problem treated by the book under review. The diversity in the membership of its Advisory Editorial Board indicates that the Guide will not represent any one point of view in psychiatry or psychology. We wish the new publication success and trust that it may be of use to our subscribers.

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We have commented from time to time on material germane to our field which has been published in PMLA, and we once again call attention to certain of the papers in the latest issue (Vol. LXX, No. 1, March, 1955):

Raymond Jean - "Le Suicide de Gérard de Nerval," p. 78,

Arnold Chapman - "The Perdido as a Type in Some Spanish-American Novels," p. 19.

The former is an ingenious piece of literary detective work which attempts to reconstruct aspects of the psychological (and psychopathological) life-pattern of Norval in order to solve the much-debated problem of the manner of his death. The latter clarifies the term perdido by making some use of concepts, philosophical and psychological, concerning will and will-power (see especially p. 31). At least three other articles in the issue, however, are notably lacking in any systematic use of psychological analysis, although such analysis would seem to be clearly called for by the subjects under discussion.

LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY has been for some time on the exchange list of certain other journals. Some of those (e.g., The Shakespeare Newsletter and The Shaw Bulletin) have not as yet published any material within our field. We should like to comment here on another, even though that comment may have in it the seeds of internecine warfare. Our esteemed and ever-faithful committee member, Professor William J. Griffin, has been for years the editor of The Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, copies of which we receive regularly and read with great interest. Yet, although the nature of primitive folklore makes it particularly susceptible to analysis through depth psychology, no contributor has as yet made use of our approach. (Let it be said in all fairness that Professor Griffin is Editor and not contributor.) Just by way of example, note the following titles in the recent (March, 1955) issue:

Glynn Burton - "Some Folkways of a Lincoln County Community," p. 3

Kolsio Harder – "Beliefs and Customs in Perry County, Tennessee," p. 9

Marie Campbell – ". . .Twenty-five Versions of [the Folk Ballad of] 'Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard'," p. 14.

Lest anyone believe that we are over-zealous in our expectation of analytic treatment of folk material, let the following folkways (listed in the articles without any comment whatever) speak for themselves:

"Never sleep under a sick person's bed or the person will not recover."

"Do not raise an umbrella in the house or you will never marry."

"If a dog runs between your legs, you are going to get a whipping by your husband or wife."

The entire ballad of Little Musgrave in its many variants (far too many to be recounted here) is full of overtones of erotic aggression; yet the author does not even mention the mechanisms by which this material has been expurgated (e.g., in Cecil Sharp's version of "Lady Maisry"). Perhaps some of our readers are sufficiently well versed in Tennessee folklore to provide Professor Griffin with a paper which will exploit the rich vein of ore "in them thar hills."

Another exchange journal (The University of Kansas City Review) which will be examined at greater length in some future issue has a March, 1955, number (Vol. XXI, No. 3) which contains much material of particular immediate interest to us in many ways. Not only does it have the poem which is our epigraph for the present issue, but it also has

Constantine N. Stavrou – "Milton, Byron, and the Devil," p. 153,

on which we have already commented on the first page of this issue, and also

A. H. Steinberg – "Fitzgerald's Portrait of a Psychiatrist," p. 219,

which first appeared in LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY for February, 1953 (Vol. III, No. 1), under the title "Hardness, Light, and Psychiatry in Tender Is the Night." It may be benevolent paternalism or even chauvinism, but we liked our version better. The same issue also has

Franklin B. Newman – "'My Kinsman, Major Molineaux [sic!]: An Interpretation," p. 203.

Our readers will be interested in comparing Dr. Newman's treatment of this Hawthorne tale with an analysis of the same story (together with Sherwood Anderson's "I Want to Know Why") by Simon O. Lesser, in an article entitled "The Image of the Father" which will shortly appear in the Spring or Summer issue of Partisan Review.

For the record we also note

Eleanor and Leonard Manheim – "Baudelaire's Irrémediable," The Explicator, Vol. XII, No. 8 (June, 1954), Explication # 52,

and

Leonard F. Manheim – "The Law As 'Father': An Aspect of the Dickens Pattern," The American Imago, Vol. 12, No. 1 (Spring, 1955), pp. 17-23.

This issue of The American Imago also has

John V. Hagopian - "A Psychological Approach to Shelley's Poetry," pp. 24-45,

Dorothy F. Seligs - "The Personality of [the Biblical] Joseph," pp. 47-69,

Harold Feldman - "How We Create 'Fathers' and Make Them 'Sons'," pp. 71-86,

and

Jerome Thale - "Sydney Dobell's [The] Roman: The Poet's Experience and His Work," pp. 87-113.

The attention of our readers is called to a competition for an award by the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Education Society (1637 Taylor Street, San Francisco 11, California) for a paper on the application of psychoanalysis to various fields, including aesthetics and the arts. A full announcement is to be found on the last page of the Spring issue of The American Imago.

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We begin in this issue the publication in installments of a bibliography in "the psychoanalysis of literature" by Dr. A. Bronson Feldman of Philadelphia. Dr. Feldman's own comments on his listings speak for themselves. We should add the reservation that the list represents a viewpoint which is not specifically that of this journal, since it views literature as material for psychoanalysis rather than as a humanistic discipline to be examined and elucidated through various methods, one of them being psychoanalysis.

We should also note that we have edited Dr. Bronson's manuscript by omitting works which have already been the subject of comment in previous bibliographies in LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY. An exception has been made, however, where Dr. Feldman's bibliographical references are more complete or more up-to-date than those which we have previously given. We have also omitted works which, by their date and title, indicate that they are forerunners or preliminary papers which are included in whole or in substantial part in another later work by the same author.

We express our gratitude to Dr. Feldman for the years of patient spade-work which have obviously gone into this compilation of fifty years of psychoanalytic research in literature. We venture to hope that his listings will introduce our readers to some works, particularly in foreign languages, which have not been available to them heretofore. We hope to complete the publication of the listing in the three issues remaining in this year's volume.

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FIFTY YEARS OF THE PSYCHOANALYSIS OF LITERATURE: 1900 - 1950

compiled by A. Bronson Feldman, Ph. D.

[Part One]

Note: Much of the material listed here was beyond my reach. The notes were collected mostly from secondhand sources at distant intervals. Consequently the list lacks bibliographic finish, and accuracy cannot be guaranteed. It will serve as a rough guide. For the convenience of investigators it is divided into a "General" section, containing the titles of works of esthetic theory and criticism of literary trends, and a "Particular" section, covering works about individual writers and books. My abbreviations stand for periodicals or serial publications, as follows:

AI - THE AMERICAN IMAGO
B - BRITISH JOURNAL OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY
F - REVUE FRANCAISE DE PSYCHANALYSE
I - IMAGO
IJ - INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS
IZ - INTERNATIONAL ZEITSCHRIFT FUR PSYCHOANALYSE
J - JAHRBUCH FÜR PSYCHOANALYSE; formerly JAHRBUCH FÜR PSYCHOANALYSTISCHE UND PSYCHOPATHOLOGISCHE FORSCHUNGEN
M - NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASE MONOGRAPH SERIES
P - DIE PSYCHOANALYTISCHE BEWEGUNG
Q - THE PSYCHOANALYTIC QUARTERLY
R - THE PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW
S - SCHRIFTEN ZUR ANGEWANDTEN SEELENKUNDE
T - TOKYO ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR PSYCHOANALYSE
Z - ZENTRALBLATT FÜR PSYCHOANALYSE

General

Bachler, K. - "Das Theater als Abwehr und Wunscherfüllung," P, 4 (1932), 359-364

Bergler, Edmund - "A New Misconception in Literary Criticism," AI, 6 (Dec., 1949), 275-279

- - - - - - "Anxiety, 'Feet of Clay,' and Comedy," AI, 6 (June, 1949), 97-109

- - - - - - "Das Plagiat," P, iv (1932), 393-420

- - - - - - "Did Freud Really Advocate a 'Hands-Off' Policy Toward Creative Activity?" AI, 6 (Sept., 1949), 205-210

- - - - - - "Myth, Merit, and Mirage in Literary Style," AI, 7 (Nov., 1950), 279-287

- - - - - - "The Relations of the Artist to Society," AI,5 (Dec., 1948), 247-258

- - - - - - "This Typewriter to Hire — Psychology of the Hack-Writer," Q, 23 (1949)

Bergmann, Gustav - "Zur analytischen Theorie literarischer Wertmasstabe," I, xxi (1935), 498-504

Bergner, Alfred von - "Seelenchirurgie," Neue Freie Presse (Vienna), 2 Dec. 1895. Quoted in P (1932), 73-76

Brill, Abraham Arden - "The Writer and His Outlets," in The Psychology of Writing Success, ed. J. George Frederick (New York: Business Bourse, 1933), 27-45

Brink, Louise, and Smith Ely Jelliffe - Psychoanalysis and the Drama (Washington: M, no. 34, 1922)

De Busscher, J. - "L'Influence de la Doctrine Psychanalytique en littérature," Journal de Neurologie et de Psychiatrie, 29 (1929), 619-629

Farnell, Frederic J. - "Erotism as Portrayed in Literature," IJ, i (1920), 396-413
Note: This article owes a profound yet unacknowledged debt to Albert Mordell's The Erotic Motive [L. and P., 51-52 reprint, pp. 54 and 64.]

Ferenczi, Sandor - "'Nonum Prematur in Annum'," IZ, iii (1915), 229. Trans. by Jane Suttie in Further Contributions. . . by Ferenczi (London: Hogarth), 419-421

Feuerlicht, I. - "Analyse des Idyllischen," P, 5 (1933), 167-186

Friedlaender, Kate - "Children's Books and Their Function in Latency and Puberty," AI, 3 (Apr., 1942), 129-150

Freud, Sigmund - (On Dionysus and drama) In Totem and Taboo (Original, 1913), trans. A. A. Brill (1918) and James Strachey (London: Routledge, 1950), chapter iv, sec. 7, 155-156

Graf, Max - "Probleme des dramatischen Schaffens," Oesterreichische Rundschau, x (1907)

Hill, J. C. - "Poetry and the Unconscious," B (1924), 125-133

Hitschmann, Eduard - "Zum Werden des Romandichters," I, i (Mar., 1912), 49-55

Jekels, Ludwig - "Zur Psychologie der Komödie," I, xii (1926), 328-335. Trans. by I. Jarosy in Selected Papers by Jekels (New York: International Universities Press, 1953), 97-104

Jones, Ernest - "Psycho-analysis and the Artist," Psyche (1928), 32, 73-88

Kaplan, Leo - "D or tragische Held und der Verbrecher," I, iv (1915), 96-124

- - - - - - - Versuch einer Psychologie der Kunst (Baden Baden: Merlin, 1930)

- - - - - - - "Zur Psychologie des Tragischen," I, i (May, 1912), 132-157

Klein, Melanie - "Infantile Anxiety-Situations Reflected in a Work of Art and in the Creative Impulse," IJ, 10 (1929), 436-443. (On the opera "The Magic Word")

Mandolini, H. - "El problema de la creacion artistica," Revista de Criminologia, Psiquiatria y Medicine Legale, 18 (1931), 434-438

Morris, Ruth - "The Novel as Catharsis," R, xxxi (Jan., 1944), 88-104

Muschg, Walter - "Die Psychoanalyse as Rivalin der Literaturwissenschaft," P, 2 (1930), 178-185

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Prescott, Frederick Clarke - Poetry and Dreams (Boston: Badger, 1912)

Rank, Otto - Das Inzest-Motiv in Dichtung und Sage; Grundzuge einer Psychologie des dichterischen Schaffen (Vienna: Deuticke, 1912). This work is being translated by Harold Feldman of Philadelphia.

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- - - - - - - "Die Nacktheit in Sage und Dichtung," I, ii (1913), 267, 301; 409-496

- - - and Hanns Sachs - Die Bedeutung der Psychoanalyse für die Geisteswissenschaften (Wiesbaden: Bergmann, 1913)

Reik, Theodor - "Aesthetik, Literatur, und Kunst," J, 6 (1914), 387-392

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Sachs, Hanns - "Beauty, Life and Death," AI, 1 (Dec., 1940), 81-133

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Sachs, Wulf - Psychoanalysis: Its Meaning and Practical Applications (London: Cassell, 1934). Part II deals with Wassermann, Shakespeare, Sarah G. Millin, and Dostoevsky.

Sadger, Isidor - Sleep-Walking and Moon-Walking, trans. Brink (New York and Washington: M, 1920)

Stekel, Wilhelm - Die Träume der Dichter; eine vergleichende Untersuchung der unbewussten Triebkräfte bei Dichtern, Neurotikern und Verbrechern (Wiesbaden: Bergmann, 1912)

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Sterba, Richard - "Bemerkungen zum dichterischen Ausdruck des modernen Naturgefühls," I, 14 (1928), 322-333

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Takahashi, Tetsu - "Poetic Works that Mask Psychosis," T, vii (Sept., 1939)
Tissi, Silvio - Al Microscopio Psicoanalitico (Milan: Hoepli, 1933; 2d ed., 1946)
Weinberg, Albert K. - "Nephew and Maternal Uncle: A Motive of Early Literature in the Light of Freudian Psychology," R, v (Oct.,1918),381-397
Weiss, Karl - "Von Reim und Refrain," I, ii (1913), 552-572
Winterstein, Alfred - Der Ursprung der Tragödie (Vienna: Internationaler Psychoanalytischer Verlag, 1925)
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Wittels, Fritz - Tragische Motive: Das Unbewusste von Held und Heldin (Berlin: Fliesch 1, 1911)

[To be continued]